



A true Contradiction of a false Relation,  
 rearmed, A great and happy Victory gained by his  
 Excellencie the Earle of *Essex*, against His Majestie, and  
 his Army, answered the 28 of the same moneth, as  
 soone as it appeared in Print,



Asling mine eyes upon a printed Paper,  
 and a Letter confidently written by a  
 Parliament Prelate, filled with lyes  
 and fopperies, I cannot forbear relat-  
 ing the truth, being an eye-witnesse  
 of it. So farre cherishing the cause,  
 that it's pittie, Gods Favour and Verity should be so un-  
 gratefully shadowed with Diuelish Assertions of  
 Falshood. And since it hath pleased Almighty  
 God to dissipate the Clouds of these enormous times  
 by shewing the Sunne-shine of his favours unto our  
 Good and Gracious King, the Devill (who is the Au-  
 thor of lies) and his Adherents, shall not so farre get  
 ground of us, as to poyson the people with falshoods,  
 and kill us with words onely.

The truth is, the Kings own Troop first charged  
 the Enemies horse with such courage and valour, that  
 their very Resolutions, armed with the justnesse of the  
 cause, struck such terrour into the Guilty Soules

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of the Rebels; that they were wounded before they were hurt, and such Panick feare possessed them, that being under the Earle of *Essex*, they mistook their businesse, and made a Horse-race, where they should have made a Fight: but it proved an ill Course to most of them, that lost their lives in the Service, being fiercely pursued by that valiant and brave Prince *Rupert*, together with many other of our Horse, whose strokes like Thunder-bolts, brought these weake Soules tottering down (that were halfe dead with feare before) to kisse their Mother earth. The King, together with his sweet Children the Prince, and Duke of *York*, were all present at the beginning of the Fight; When the Businesse grew hot, the King sent the Prince and Duke to a further distance; but good King *Charles* himselfe came with the first, and staid to the last: he stood upon a little Ascent while the Cannons plaid about him, and the Bullets grazed hard by him, dancing for joy, hurting no man.

His Majestie went twice himselfe with onely one Attendant, to animate the Souldiers, and view his Army, the Enemy being advanced even ready to encounter them: After they were joyned in Battel, His Majestie staid still by them, exposing himselfe to as much danger, with as dauntlesse a resolution, as ever King did; no man can expresse or imagine it so fully to the life as we that saw it. In the midst of the Fight,

two Troops of Horse came wheeling about the Foot, where the King was with a small Company in the Rear, their Flaggs demonstrated them Enemies; we, seeing that, desired His Majestie to retire for the safety of his Person: He dauntlesly and bravely advanced unto them, onely with that small number about him; whereupon at the view of His Sacred Majestie, they submitted themselves at the present with great humilitie. Sir *Faithfull Fortescue*, a Commander amongst them, came in that day to the King; he confessed, he complied with the Parliament for the benefit of pay, but whensoever his King should shew himselfe in defence of his own Rights, he would dye before he would draw his Sword against his Sovereign.

We accounted the day sure, having vanquished the principall of their Horse, excepting the two Troops that came in: But there is an old saying, *Nemo est ab omni parte beatus*, No man is happy in all respects; So it fortun'd, for our Horse was so eager in the pursuit, that their absence was great prejudice to our Foot, the Enemies part having some Horse left to assist them, and to hurt us, and we no relief to oppose them. Hereupon we found the left wing of the Foot faile, which made some stop to our assurance of an absolute victory; and though the day was the Kings with advantage, it is to be feared, they will be able once more to prick up their cares againe. This last di-

fraction of the Foot, was the destruction of those Noble daring Spirits that were taken, namely, my Lord Generall, his Son, my Lord *Willoughby*, with the rest, which is the onely unfortunate Truth of the Parsons letter; which had never happened, had their Spirits been as poore as the Commanders of the other side, who had prepared Horses, as fleet as their feares to over-runne the danger. But as here we may evidently see honesty and a just cause pricks every valiant man forward to execution; So the Guilt of Conscience, and Feare makes the other side, like fat Bucks in Summer, brush on the Rascall Deare, to lead the way in danger.

Mr. Parson, you say (as I remember) we beat the Enemy out of the Field, and gained four Peeces of Ordnance. His Majestie you may well tearme Enemy, for indeed he is so great a friend to Loyalty and Truth, that he must needs be Enemy to all Blasphemers of Truth, Prophaners of Churches, Hypocrites and Rebels, and so consequently to you, and your Adherents. But for being beaten out of the field, and losing Ordnance, your Reverent Worship is mistaken; for the King himselfe staying with his Army in the field till night forced a Retreat; for had he had but one houre of day more, your side had seen the last houre of your good Fortune

Then concerning the Ordnance you speake of;  
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The Kings Army the first day tooke four Ordnance of yours, and the next day my Lord *John* and his Lieutenant Sir *John Smith*, with their Troop onely (the Kings Army being a mile from them) advanced neer to the Face of the *Enemy*, brought away three Peeces of Ordnance, and the poore Inakes, so cow'd with their former dayes action, were so amated, and astonished, that they lay couching under their Colours, like a flock of Sparrows in a Hedge over-awed by a Hawke.

Here now the world may see your lying Boldnesse and the Impudency of your Spirits, that dare report things so contrary to the view of so many thousands. But I perceive you are so habituated in the Trade, that you begin to beleeve you speake Truth, and so most confidently lye in Print.

It appeares in a Pamphlet, that the Lord *Wharton* declared to both Houses, That His Majestie hath lost six Colours, and His Standard, five wagons laden with Ammunition and Plate, a Coach, and 8. Peeces of Ordnance, the King and Prince being all that while at Sir *Edward Copes* house at *Hanwell*; that the Kings losse was 3000. men, and but 300 of the Parliament.

This Lord I perceive, and the rest have ill Teachers, that instruct them so strongly in that Elect quality of lying, that they hold it a Point of Faith, not to beleeve or speak one Truth; for all this is absolute false. Some Ensignes we lost, but not Colours to speake of

( 8 )  
the Colours and Ensignes from them, we gained above threescore, and for the Standard, Sir *John Smith*, with onely one accompanying him, regained it again from six men, killed him that had it, wounded the second, and put the other four to flight.

You may judge the Body of their Army by these members, and the dishonour of losing a Glory got, is more then the Honour of taking : like giving little Children Gold to play withall, and when we please may take it back again.

Now concerning their taking five Wagons, a Coach 8. Peeces of Ordnance, with other circumstances, I will not contradict, because I will speake nothing but what I know ; but I well remember the taking of above twenty Wagons and Carts, and my Lord of *Essex* his Coach, and six Horses, to the destruction of the Coach-man, and Postilion, and seven Peeces of Ordnance ; and all this from them, which it may be, my Lord *Wharton* dream'd to be gained by their side from Us. But dreames are commonly contrary, which might put his Lordship as much out in his relation, as he is in action, being unjust in both : but weake wits are subject to mistakes.

For the rest, which is His Majesties losse of men, and the weaknesse of his Army, all is most base and false : For to my knowledge, the King had not five hundred men killed ; and by the confession of some  
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that fled, and others that were at the burying the dead, there were slain, mortally wounded, and disabled for ever fighting, above 2000. of the other Parr.

His Majesties Army is great and glorious, and I hope, these Rebels will finde it, and those that beleieve their falshoods will in time repent their Folly. For since the Parliament, all the Congregation of Holy Brethren have so addicted themselves to lying, that they are resolved to leave no memory of goodnesse standing: lyes and conjecturall Imaginations are set down by them as certainties, and every honest man that loves the King, appears through the multiplying-glasse of their malice, an Horned Monster in their opinions. Therefore from the venomous poyson of these wretched Rebels, Good Lord deliver us. *Amen.*

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